

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO"

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME

EIGHT

Microsystems, Inc.

PROGRAM RECORD

DATE										
NAME		CLASS				ROOM				
	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM
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do it. Bah" and she picked up her stocking again now when Sarah spoke in that tone it invariably aroused all that was most troublesome and disagreeable in Gladys' nature.

She was really very unhappy about the continued severity the little Virrains were meeting in their fierce fight with the evil spirits, as she knew the place was simply awful, more unhappy than any one least of all Sarah suspected. It was this very unhappiness that

unhappiness which made her so much more difficult to manage during the first few days but no one not even her father quite realized this fact, and to Sarah her conduct had appeared a little short of reckless, for Gladys was somewhat un- fortunately for herself one of those proud sensitive children who find it almost an impossibility to express their deepest feelings.

"I don't care" she began again after a moments pause and she gave the ham mock a rather vicious

push as she spoke "I do wish our place had devil sickness then? would be able to show the wicked angels where they get off at, and then every body would not need to be worried about Mr. Sesemanns crazy house the way they are now.

And the little Vivian princesses would be very very important."

"and how about the danger of facing those wicked Banshees and get possessed by them?" Sarah inquired dryly. "I suppose that would be very pleasant too."

Gladys thought of poor Paulina Flannigan the orphan the hobos and the two men Sikes and Fagan and other dreadful phenomena trapping priests and the Bishops and all the other disagreeable phenomena she could remember and she hesitated for some few moments but it was only for some few moments.

"I don't believe I should be afraid" she said, "not if everybody got to read about it in books and saw it in the movies their father and mother would ask them how

they did it and every one would look on them as the only ones who could do the impossible and it would relieve from all that horror and they would not need worry about it any more. I should also love to see the day come to see people gathered around the princesses calling them brave angels heroines and the like. I know the way they do it. I've read about it in books. They could do the impossible. I know it, and I would ask one of them to read me the story out of the Bible.

how Christ drove the devils out of the man called Legion and -

"Miss Gladys you are without exception the most reckless child I've ever seen in my life," exclaimed Sarah her scanty stock of patience quite exhausted by this last speech of her charge.

"You ought to have seen Daisy and Violet Graham when they lived close to what was believed to be haunted by devils also or spooks."

It was pitiful to see them they were so scared by what they heard over there and what went on, and

yet could see nothing that they begged their parents to move away from its neighborhood and they were so distressed and filled with terror they couldn't take an interest in anything and every night and morning they used to say a little prayer of their own accord asking God to make their parents decide to move away from its neighborhood.

Perhaps if Sarah had stopped to think about it she might have realized the fact that Gladys had not taken very much

interest in things either during the past week but Sarah was not given to thinking very much about her changes feelings.

"I hate to hear about those Grahams, you always put them into the argument to beat me" remarked Gladys given the hammock a fresh push "they're nasty stuck up cowardly little prigs and snobs any way papa always says so."

"You're papa never saw them."

"Yes he did, he even knows their father and mother and I told him what you said about them."

and then I asked him if he didn't think they were nasty stuck up little cowardly prigs and snobs, he laughed and said he was rather glad I didn't know them to play with so there."

Sarah looked offended but before she could reply, or Gladys make any more remarks the screen door was pushed open and Suzzie the waitress looking unusually grave and solemn came slowly out on the piazza.

"Father Thomas just came back from Mr. Lumsdale's" she said. "Mr. Wentworth said

he was to go over to enquire how the little Virian princesses were getting along there by phone. They say the house is awfully much worse this afternoon they have been attacked by many fierce pheromomons.

It is said they have been literally driven out fourteen times during the past ten days and they're afraid they may not accomplish anything unless the other parts of the Paloo arrive."

Sarah uttered an exclamation of dismay and the

tears started to her eyes. It was quite true as Gladys had said. Sarah was more fond of the Virian children than she was of most people.

Gladys said nothing but her heart seemed to give one great frightened bound, and then to sink down like a lump of lead.

The condition of the house was worse the Virians may not win through the night. What did that mean?

She had never dreamed for one moment that her little friends were not going to win,

Sizzie lingered for a moment and she and Sarah talked in low voices about the sad and very bad event which might take place before the morning. Gladys did not pay much attention to what they said.

She was too busy fighting down the big lump in her throat and winking to keep back the tears she didn't want Sarah and Sizzie to see.

At last Sizzie went back into the (grouse) house and Sarah began hastily gathering up her work.

"I'm going in" she

said in a rather choked voice. "I have not the heart to stay out here any longer. I should think you'd like to come in too but I suppose you won't until you're good and ready."

Gladys could not help wondering why it was more suspicious to stay out on the piazza than go upstairs in the nursery and Sarah went away in doors closing the screen door with a slam.

It was rather a comfort to be left alone, and now that there was nobody to

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see her Gladys was not ashamed to let the tears have their way.

She cried bitterly for a few minutes and then she dried her eyes and tried to cheer herself with the reflection that what Sizzie had said was probably a mistake after all.

Little girls like the Virrains never were licked by anything wicked like many other persons did, some times, but only when they were afraid or gave up, but these places mentioned in books were desperately haunted by wicked ghosts and

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other spirits but the banshees were laid in the end.

It was very interesting to fight devils and have people look and talk about one the way Sarah and Sizzie had been looking and talking about Violet and her sisters.

Yes she did wish she could fight the devils too, people would say she was a little heroine then, and she would be very important and be famous.

And it would be very nice to be important, and have fame, and have all

people really like you as a heroine. How very disagreeable Sarah was. She was always calling her reckless just because she was defiant of any danger and did not sit and cry all day long like little cry-babies.

If she did go and try to help the little Virriams fight the devils would Sarah be frightened about her, and would she speak with a catch in her voice as she did when she mentioned the failure of the little Virriams. Oh dear why couldn't she run the devils out just to find

out how much people really cared about her. Papa would care of course but even Papa didn't understand her, hadn't he gone off fishing all day never realizing how lonely she really was, and how she really missed the little Virriams.

It was Saturday too, and he nearly always stayed at home on Saturdays.

There were other ways of frightening demons besides just trying to drive them away. Reciting the Rosary and the Sacred Heart Litany for instance.

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She had once heard of a little girl who ran away from home to fight a demon in a possessed person who was a relative and frightened her parents nearly to death.

It was a very dreadful story for a horrible banshee had trapped the child in the house of the possessed person and stolen all her clothes and cut off her curls in the manner of a female nomad.

The Banshees kept her trapped all night too, tried to choke her to death several times, but

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changed its mind and the next day the Banshee had forced her naked out into the street, and told her to go home all by herself that way and the little girl had got lost and had a terrible time with a crowd of curious people gathering around her until at last a policeman had brought her home covered by his coat, and without her curls, and so dirty that her father and mother scarcely recognized her.

Gladys had her private doubts as to the truth of this story

it sounded so much like the morale tales Sarah was so fond of (realt?) relating, but Violet and her sisters declared it was true.

Gladys did not think she would enjoy being bad off as that little girl was, but it would be fun to slip away to Sesemans and try to give the demons a good fright.

Of course she would come back before papa comes home, and if she ran into peril of any kind, - well what did it matter.

Nothing seemed to matter very much just now when her

heart was aching so. If people thought she was ~~aching~~ so? reckless why she might as well go and be reckless and have some fun at the expense of the devils.

The hammock stopped swaying (not stay?) and Gladys jumped out.

Her heart was beating very fast but she had made up her mind. These awful banshees should be taught a lesson. They would find they could not make fools out of her little Vivian friends and not expect people to retaliate. She

went into the hall and took down her shade hat from its peg. Then she came out again, closing the screen door softly behind her and the next moment she was walking briskly down the path in the direction of the gate.

Nobody saw her.

Sarah was indulging in a good hearty cry up in the nursery and Sizzie and the other servants were all in the kitchen at the back of the house.

When she reached Chicago on the train and waited for a taxi to take her

at least as far as Western Ave she was uncertain in which entrance to take a chance to go into Reseman Crazy house.

"I want go to the rear as it is like trying to sneak in" she decided. I guess I'll go in by way of the main gate where the warning sign is. It's dangerous of course but I know the way perfectly well and know where the derel elm tree is."

She got off at or near Western Ave knowing some what by where she was

going the chauffeur would go no further west and for more than half an hour she walked on steadily without stopping then began to feel rather hot and tired.

The late April sun was hot and the late afternoon went very swiftly for so very in the (afternoon) year.

She paused for a moment to rest under a shady canopy then towards the west she soon caught a glimpse of the waving treetops of Resemans grounds just ahead and hurried on.

Several carriages and autos had passed

her on the street but she had not seen any one she knew.

It was much cooler and pleasanter when she had entered the grounds which to her was like Simcoln park almost.

She didn't take the main entrance path for fear some one would see her, but walked along a shady path for some distance keeping a sharp look at every tree she approached or passed.

She did not want to stay here in the grounds or in the house also.

very long for she wanted to get home again before Sarah discovered her absence and began to worry about her. She wanted to stay just long enough to do things to give the demons a good fright if possible.

She would even walk into Seemans house and then well it didnt matter, she would be in danger of course, perhaps harmed, but she would risk anything for her Vivian friends.

And then all at once before she at all realized what she was doing Gladys

found herself crying as if her little heart would break.

A rustle in the bushes near by caused her to turn her head with a start and surprise.

It was very still in the park like ground, she was sure there was not another being any where about.

She listened very intently for a moment but all was quiet again.

"I guess I'll go and have a look" she said to herself rising rather hurriedly from her seat, and feeling curious and

excited. She had not taken more than a dozen steps however when she heard it again, that same rustling sound, only this time it sounded much nearer.

The little girl's heart began to beat very fast indeed with excitement.

"There's something there" she whispered to herself in her increasing curiosity.

"Oh I know there's something strange there, I must find out"

Next moment she caught sight of a large pair of horns and thinking

it was a wicked spirit drew her bottle of Holy Water, and with a piercing shriek intending to scare it made a rush for the creature with horns but it started on a dead run.

She too started on a dead run. If there was one thing in the world above all others in which Gladys stood in horrid hatred that one thing was a fiend with horns.

On and on she pursued stumbling over tree trunks tearing her dress, on briars neither knowing or

caring what she was doing, or neither caring in what direction she was going in her haste. until at last quite breathless and half fainting from fatigue she saw what it was, gave a gasp, stopped ex-
hausted and stood clinging to a tree to save herself from falling.

She looked angrily in the direction of the still fleeing creature with horns.

"Somebody's crazy cow that somehow got in here and fooled me" she said to herself "It must have followed me. I ought to chase it out but I

haven't got time.

She stood still and listened scarcely daring to breathe.

No everything was quiet the only sound to break the utter stillness were the sighing of the breeze in the trees, blowing softly and the far distant sound of street traffic.

She heaved a long sigh and sat down on the grass to rest.

Her hat was gone her hair was flying in wild confusion and the skirt of her white dress was hanging in ribbons.

She was more tired,

angry, disappointed and miserable than she could ever remember feeling before in her life.

For several minutes she sat quite still getting back her breath. Then when her heart had stopped beating in those great vigorous bounds from so much running and her knees had stopped trembling from anger and excitement she looked around to try to find out if possible in what part of the grounds she was.

Everything looked just the same as it had looked when

she sat down on the fallen tree to rest and heard the rustling sound which led her to chase a cow instead of a Banshee.

Woods certainly did look very much alike she reflected.

She had no idea how far she had run and she remembered with rather an uncomfortable feeling that she had heard her father say these woods of Sese man grounds had many dangerously possessed trees.

So she decided to defy them. But

What was she to do?
 If she started to go
 back the way she had
 come was she not sure
 to be backing out.

But if she took
 another path how could
 she possibly tell where
 it might lead?

Would it lead to
 the crazy Elm tree? And
 after all when she
 came to the Elm tree
 she was not at all
 sure of being able
 to face its fury or
 pass it if she
 even tried.

She was not at
 all frightened at the
 prospect of facing
 that crazy tree
 however. She decided

to try and find her
 way to it. She could
 see through the branches
 that the afternoon sun
 was still high in the
 heavens and she did
 not think she could
 have gone a very
 great distance through
 the grounds.

She decided that
 she would walk a
 little ways toward
 the Elm tree and
 then if the tree
 did not show any
 tantrums she would
 run as fast as she
 could to dare try
 and pass it.

However she had
 very little idea of
 what going towards

towards that tree really meant. She walked on briskly despite her fatigue conscious of one overwhelming desire, the desire to see that fearful tree, before it began to grow dark.

During this time another little girl had ran away from an orphan home and coming up to Sese-mans property had for the sake of curiosity gone in through the front entrance not thinking of the grave chances she was taking.

And not being at all familiar with these grounds she

with darkness coming on had got lost. When she had decided that she would walk a little ways in what she imagined might be the right direction, and then if things did not begin to look familiar she would turn back again and try another path.

Poor little unnamed child. She had very little idea of what being lost in Mr Sese-mans dangerous grounds really meant.

Her heart was beginning to beat very fast and she

started at every slight but very suspicious sound. But she walked on briskly despite her almost overcoming tiredness with the strongest desire to get safely out of these dreadful 'woods' before it began to grow dark.

As to slaying there after dark the thought was too horrible to be contemplated even for a moment. Why there might even be wild beasts there and if not wild beasts there certainly were cows and the little girl scarcely knew which animal

she dreaded the most a lion or a cow. She walked on for some distance and was just beginning to comfort herself with the very thought that she was really nearing the main gate where she had entered the ground when a sudden turn in the path brought her to the edge of a broad sidewalk and within sight of a darkly towering building and a large small leaf budding tree which was swaying crazily like though there was no wind.

She was quite sure

she had not seen any wide cement sidewalk before and the awful conviction burst upon her that she must have taken the wrong path and in that case she had probably been walking further and further from Jack or Paul and

Had she walked down the sidewalk in the opposite direction away from the house she would have reached the gate through which she entered.

It was really a terrible conviction and for the first moment she was almost paralyzed by the

thought of it. She was lost hopelessly lost night was coming on and there was something strange and scary about a big tree not so far away.

There was no wind. not even a breeze yet it was acting as if there was a terrific wind storm and a strange loud combined hissing and buzzing noise came from the trunk and no bees were causing it either and no snakes could hiss so loud. That last thing

was too awful to be borne in silence a strange 'rrug' appeared on the trunk and with a wild outburst of terror and despair the little girl flung herself on the ground near the foot of the strange tree and wailed.

Strange as it is if a person wails in distress the tree poltergeist dont touch you. How long she lay there shivering and sobbing she never knew.

I think she must have cried herself to sleep.

at last for she was quite worn out from excitement and fatigue. At any rate when she finally did lift her head it was to make the dreadful discovery that the sun had entirely disappeared and that it was almost dark.

It was really going to happen then she was going to lie in these scary woods all night.

Night was the time when all sorts of dreadful things happened, especially in the woods.

This little girl

had never been o have
child, she would never
go to sleep even at
home without being
sure that her mother
or some one was in
the next room and
as for being left
alone in a room
all night, the very
thought sent chills
of horror running
up and down her
back.

But there was
in the next room
now, there was not
even a room, noth-
ing but queerly
acting and sound-
ing trees all
around and a big
gloomy looking

house beyond. and
it was getting darker
and darker every
minute.

Oh for the sight
of her mother's face
for the sound of
her mother's face.

The child sat up
and leaned her
back against a tree
there was no use
in walking any
further. she was
too tired to walk
even if she had
any hope of find-
ing her way out
of the horrid
'woods' at the end
of her journey.
Besides if she
moved she might

meet those horrid apparitions. Then came a terrible recollection. She remembered the stories she had read in the newspapers and magazines every day and told of the reason Mr. Sese-mann's property was called the crazy house, and how though they occurred during the day the phenomena were worst at night.

She was not sure that this was Sese-mann's property, but when she saw it earlier that day the house looked the same as she saw it in newspaper pictures

and she certainly had seen a very strange thing about all of the windows on the second floor before it grew so dark, and Sese-mann certainly was not so crazy as to have his house windowed upside down, and she had not gone far when some thing mysterious caused her to fall down grazing the skin off her elbow, against a sharp stone.

This time she made no further effort to rise.

The pain in her knee and the added pain of her

elbow and arm too was bad enough but that was nothing to the pain at her heart.

She was quite sure now that she was hopelessly lost and if she had to stay in that dreadful place all night she would certainly die of fright.

She used to think that little girls never died but people said two little girls were killed by fatal phenomena in her mam house and also seven hobos, and other little girls were fearfully abused and if that happened to them why shouldn't it happen to